

FEATURING ★ *Sergeant*
SPOOK

FEBRUARY

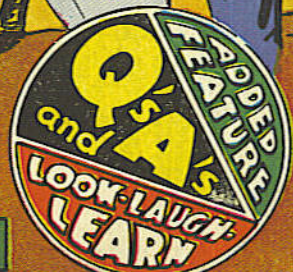
BLUE BOLT

10^c

BLUE BOLT



VOL. 5, NO. 5





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DICK COLE



Jim Wilcox

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS!...
FARR MILITARY ACADEMY
IS PRACTICALLY DESERTED

AS CADETS AND INSTRUCTORS HAVE GONE FOR THE VACATION PERIOD, LEAVING A RES-
IDENT PROFESSOR AND SOME SCHOOL HELP IN CHARGE... BUT DICK COLE HAS TURNED
DOWN SEVERAL INVITATIONS AND IS STAYING ON AT SCHOOL, IN ORDER TO GET IN SOME
EXTRA STUDYING... IT IS THREE DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND DICK HAS JUST
WOUND UP SOME LAST MINUTE SHOPPING IN CENTERVIEW, NEAREST TOWN OF SIZE TO
THE ACADEMY. WE FIND HIM IN FRONT OF THE CENTERVIEW POST OFFICE.

LET'S SEE... HM-M-M... YEP!
THAT COVERS EVERYONE.
I MAILED THEM SPECIAL
SO THEY SHOULD
ARRIVE BEFORE
CHRISTMAS-
I HOPE.
NEXT YEAR,
I'LL DO MY
SHOP -*

THERE COMES A FRANTIC CLANG-
ING AND THE SCREECH OF BRAKED
WHEELS ON ICY RAILS —



CLANG!

CLANG-
CLANG!
SCREECH!

Z-Z-Z-L-P-P

①

Art Director
MEL CUMMIN

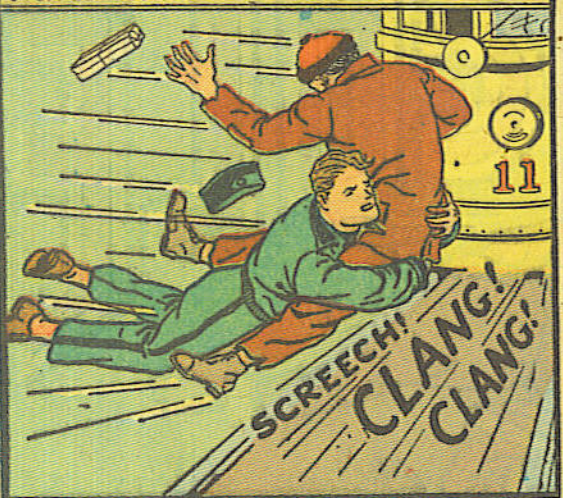
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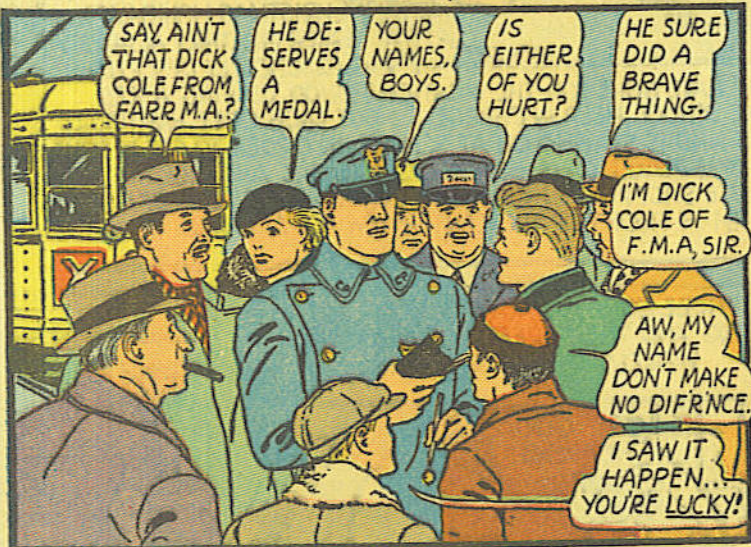
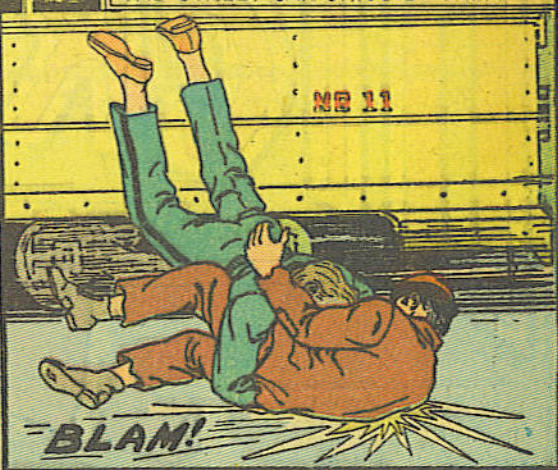
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DICK LEAVES HIS FEET IN A FLYING TACKLE THAT—



CARRIES THE FALLING BOY OFF THE TRACKS, AS
THE STREET CAR SKIDS BY THEM—



SAY, AIN'T
THAT DICK
COLE FROM
FARR M.A.?

HE DE-
SERVES
A MEDAL.

YOUR
NAMES,
BOYS.

IS
EITHER
OF YOU
HURT?

HE SURE
DID A
BRAVE
THING.

I'M DICK
COLE OF
F.M.A, SIR.

AW, MY
NAME
DONT MAKE
NO DIFRNC.

I SAW IT
HAPPEN...
YOU'RE LUCKY!



WE WANT YOUR
NAME AND
ADDRESS, JUST
IN CASE.

AW' RIGHT.
ME NAME IS
NERKY SMITH
'N I LIVE ON
MOTT STREET...
NOW GIMME ME
PACKAGE 'N I'LL
BEAT IT.



HERE IT IS, NERKY. I'LL GO
ALONG WITH HIM, OFFICER,
TO BE SURE HE'S ALL RIGHT.

GOOD! AND I'M
REPORTING
YOUR BRAVE
ACT TO THE
PROPER
AUTHOR-
ITIES.



SAY, MISTER, TANKS
FOR WHAT YUH DONE.
I WON'T FORGET IT.

SHUCKS, I COULDN'T
SEE YOU BANGED UP
AND RIGHT AT THIS
TIME... CHRISTMAS!

CHRISTMAS? IT DON'T
MEAN NOthin' TO MY
SIS 'N ME! NOW,
LEMME GO
ON, MISTER.
I'M OKAY.

SURE? WELL,
ALL RIGHT, NERKY.
MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO YOU.

MERRY CHRISTMAS?
(SNORT) WUTTA LAFF!
THERE AIN'T NO
SANTY CLAUS
IN OUR HOUSE!
S'LONG.

GEE, THAT KID'S BITTER! I
WONDER HOW OLD HIS SISTER
IS? I'LL FIND OUT THEN I'LL
GET SOME PRESENTS FOR
THEM. NOW WHICH WAY DID
NERKY GO?

DICK MAKES INQUIRIES AND FINALLY ARRIVES
AT THE SMITH HOME ON MOTT STREET. HE
YES? WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT D'YA WANT?

YOU... KNOCKS, AND-
ARE NERKY'S SISTER. I-
I JUST DROPPED BY TO SEE
IF NERKY'S
ALL RIGHT.
I'M DICK
COLE.

OH, YOU'RE THE GUY THAT SAVED NERKY. WELL,
HE'S OKAY AND- THANKS A LOT... AND NOW,
EXCUSE ME BEIN' RUDE BUT-

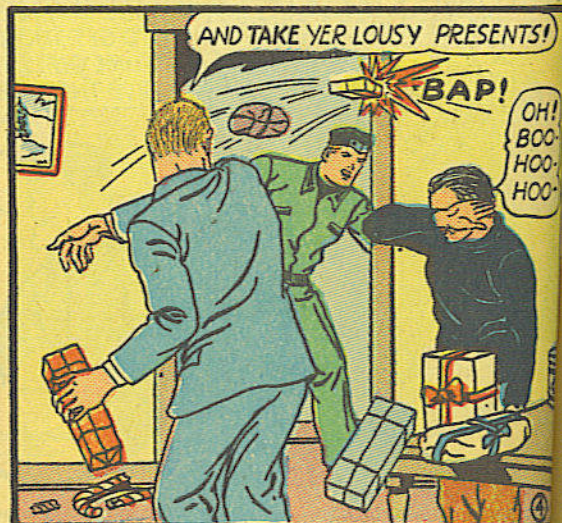
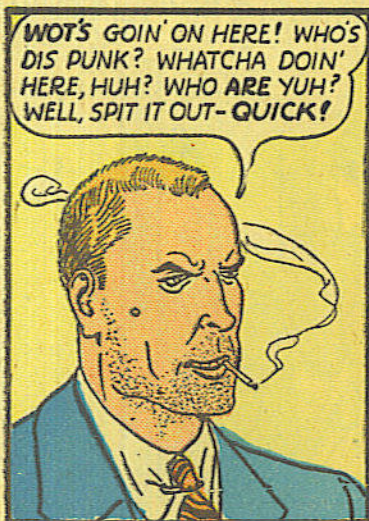
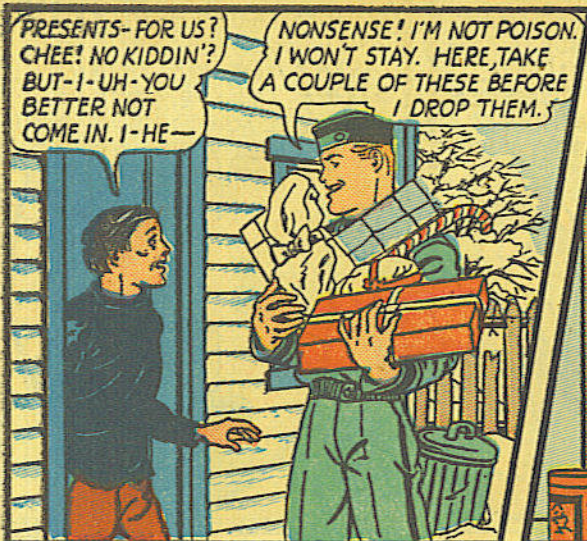
WELL! THAT'S A QUEER ONE!
GEE, THE POOR KID'S A CRIPPLE.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY SHE'S SO-
ABRUPT.

DOG-GONE IT! I'M GOING
TO GET THOSE KIDS
SOME GIFTS. IT MIGHT
GIVE THEM A BRIGHTER
VIEW OF
THINGS.

TWO HOURS LATER. DICK AGAIN
KNOCKS ON THE SMITH DOOR.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, NERKY!
HERE ARE SOME PRESENTS FOR
YOU AND YOUR SISTER. MAY I
COME IN?

DICK
MAKES HIS WAY
OUT OF MOTT STREET.



OUTSIDE, BOILING WITH RAGE, DICK PAUSES TO REGAIN HIS COMPOSURE.

OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN, NASTY-DIRTY—: WHAT'S THAT!



MIKE!
DON'T HIT
MY SISTER! SHE—
OUCH! GROAN

YOU BRUNG
THAT SNOOPER
HERE! TAKE
THAT! THAT!!

OH-OH-MIKE!
DON'T!



DICK CHARGES INTO THE HOUSE.

I CANT STAND
THIS! YOU
DIRTY BULLY-
STOP!

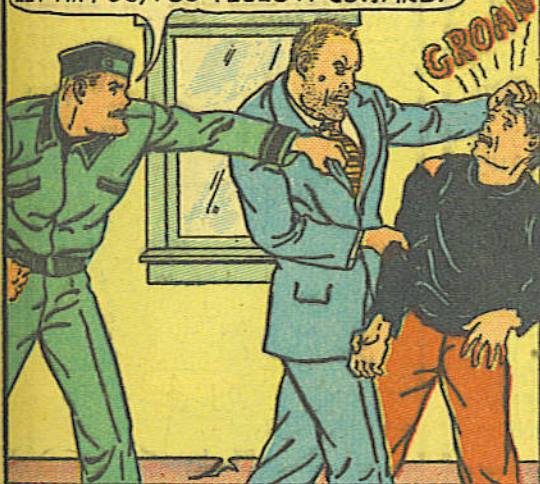
CRAC!
THWACK!
SMACK!

OH!
OUCH!



LET HIM GO, YOU YELLOW COWARD!

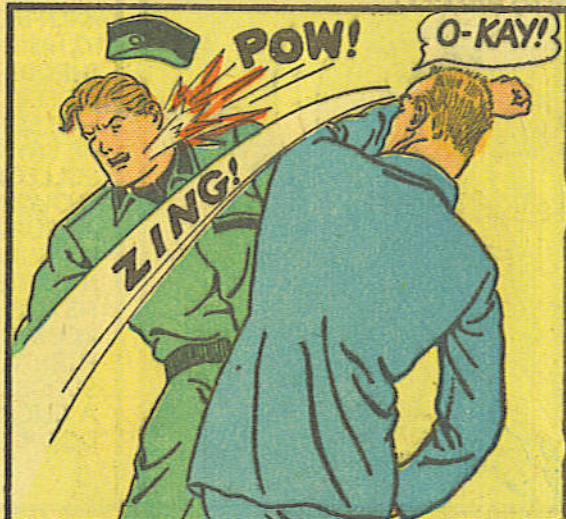
GROAN



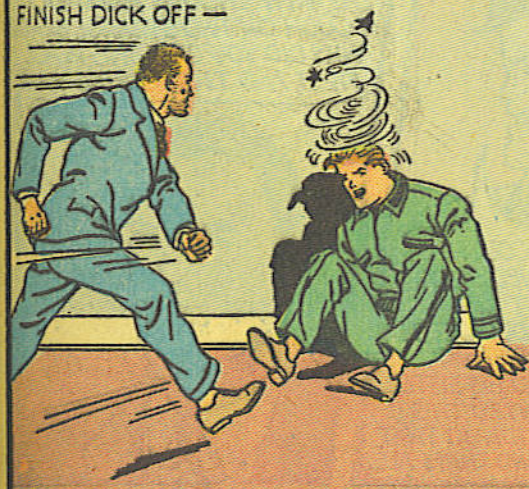
POW!

O-KAY!

ZING!

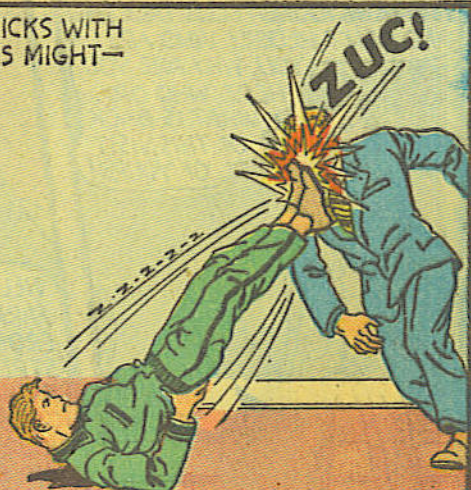


MIKE CHARGES IN TO
FINISH DICK OFF—



DICK KICKS WITH
ALL HIS MIGHT—

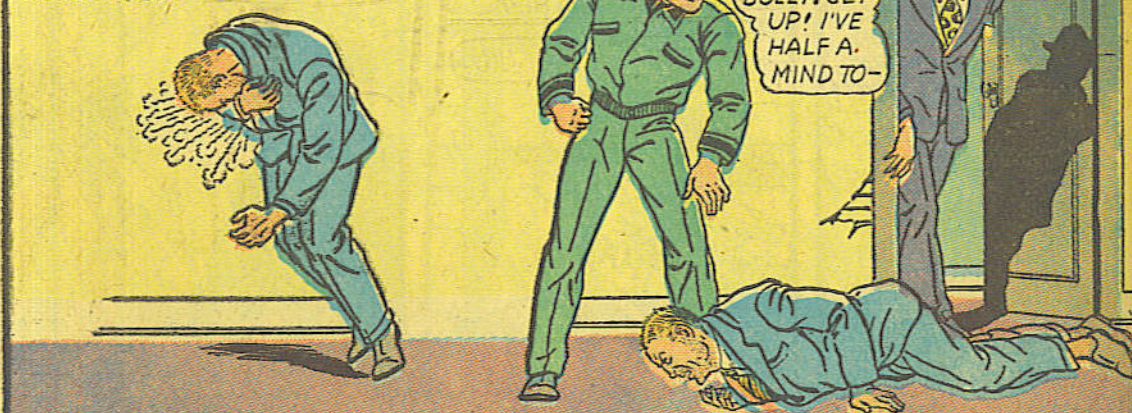
ZUC!



MIKE PITCHES FORWARD AND—
COLLAPSES.

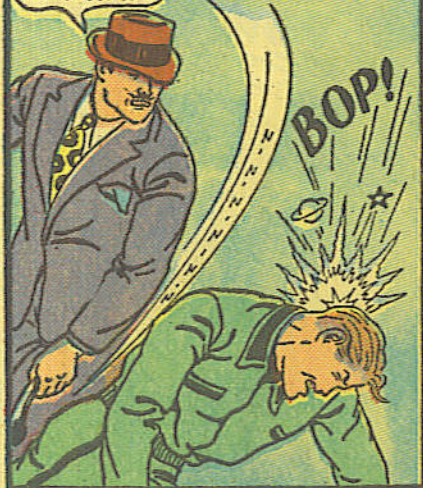
DICK GETS TO HIS FEET—

HOW DO YOU
LIKE IT, YOU
BULLY! GET
UP! I'VE
HALF A
MIND TO—



TO WHAT!

BOP!



WHEN DICK COMES TO, HIS HEAD IS THROBBING AND HE FEELS DIZZY. FOR SOME TIME HE LAY QUIET, COLLECTING HIS THOUGHTS, THEN HE SURVEYED HIS SURROUNDINGS TO FIND HE WAS IN A ROOM DEVOID OF FURNITURE. SUDDENLY, WITH A CLICK, THE DOOR OPENS AND—

TURN ON THE LIGHT, MIKE. AH, HE'S COME TO, I SEE. GIVE HIM SOME WATER, MIKE.



AND NOW, YOUNG FELLA, TALK FAST AND DON'T HEDGE! WHO ARE YOU, WHY ARE YOU HERE, WHO OR WHAT IS BACK OF THIS VISIT OF YOURS!



WELL, I'M DICK COLE FROM FARR M.A. I SAVED NERKY FROM BEING HIT BY A STREET CAR. I DECIDED TO BRING SOME CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO HIM AND HIS SISTER. YOUR PAL RESENTED THIS AND BEAT THE KIDS. AT THAT, I STEPPED IN...AND THAT'S ALL.



SO! JUST PLAYING SANTY CLAUS, EH? WHY SHOULD YOU SPEND DOUGH ON TWO STRANGE BRATS? WHY DID YOU CASE THIS PLACE FIRST, AND THEN BRING YOUR PRESENTS? WELL!!



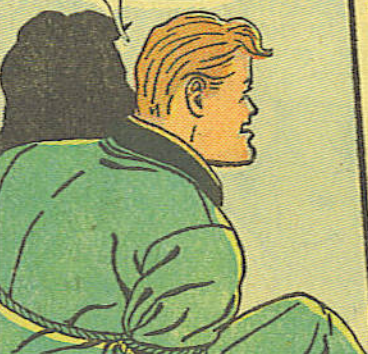
UNDER THE MENACING GUN, DICK IS TRUSSED UP AND THEN HIS CAPTORS LEAVE, LOCKING THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

THOSE GUYS ARE UNEASY. I'VE STUMBLED INTO SOMETHING THAT ISN'T HEALTHY!



DICK FALLS INTO A FITFUL SLEEP. MIDNIGHT- AND SOMETHING WAKES HIM.

UC-OH! THE DOOR'S INCHING OPEN! NOW, WHAT?

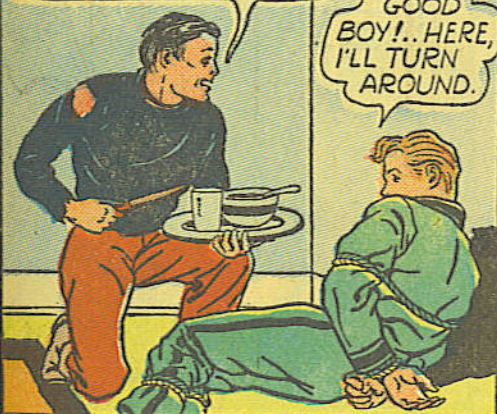


SH-H-H! HEY, MISTER, YOU AWAKE? IT'S ME, ... NERKY. SH-H-H.

YEAH, I'M AWAKE... WHAT'S UP, NERKY?

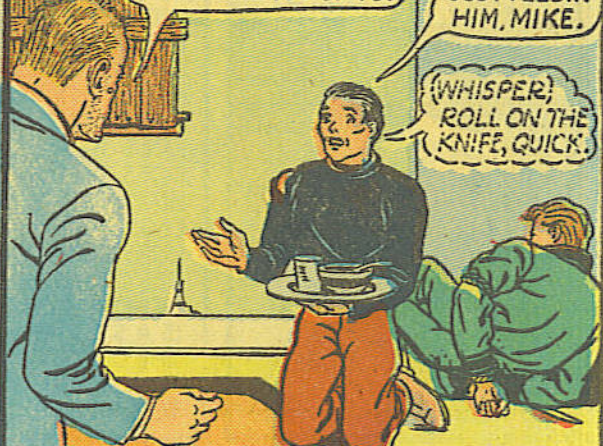


HERE'S SOME FOOD-MY EXCUSE FOR BEING HERE IF ANYONE COMES. QUICK! LEMME CUT THEM ROPES!



GOOD BOY!.. HERE, I'LL TURN AROUND.

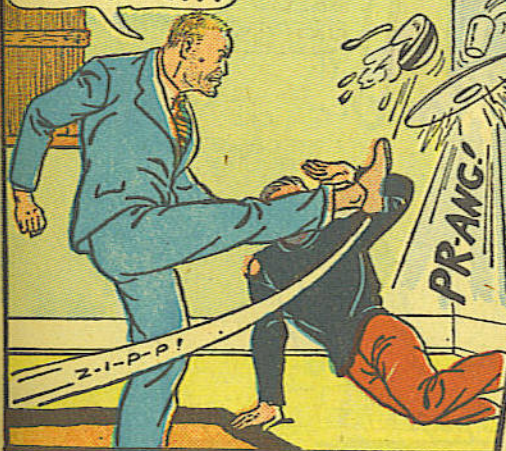
WHAT'S THIS! YOU LITTLE RAT, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO!



WHY-UH- JUST FEEDIN' HIM, MIKE.

(WHISPER) ROLL ON THE KNIFE, QUICK.

HE DON'T NEED NO FOOD! NOW-GIT!



WE'RE MOVIN' OUT OF HERE IN A COUPLE OF HOURS. YOU'LL BE LEFT HERE, YOU SNOOPER, BOUND AND GAGGED. MAYBE YOUR PALS OF THE F.B.I. WILL FIND YOU BEFORE YOU STARVE TO DEATH, SANTY. S'LONG.



SO THAT'S IT! THEY THINK
I BELONG TO THE F.B.I.!
IT'S TIME FOR ACTION!
BLESS NERKY FOR THE KNIFE!



DICK
INCHES AROUND
THE BARE ROOM
UNTIL—

AH, JUST THE TICKET! NOW
TO WEDGE THE
KNIFE IN THAT
CRACK.



DICK ROLLS TO THE KNIFE,
CLASPS IT IN HIS TEETH, ROLLS
BACK AND, AFTER SEVERAL
TRIALS —

OH, BOY, IT WORKED! NOW—



ONE HOUR LATER.

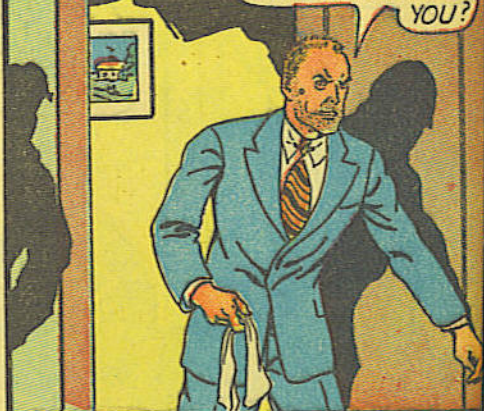
HOORAY! I CAN
FEEL IT GIVE!



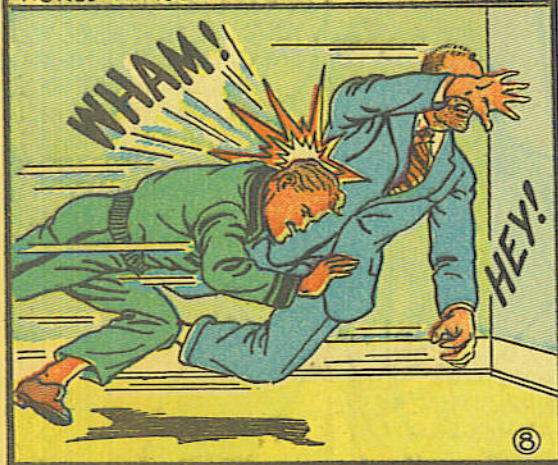
THIRTY MINUTES
MORE PASS
AND SUDDENLY
THE LAST
STRAND GIVES
AND DICK'S
HANDS ARE
FREE. HE UN-
DOES THE ROPES
BINDING HIS
LEGS. AS HE
RUBS THEM, TO
RESTORE CIRC-
ULATION, THERE
IS A STEP AT
THE DOOR. DICK
MOVES CLUMSILY
TO ONE SIDE.

THE DOOR OPENS.

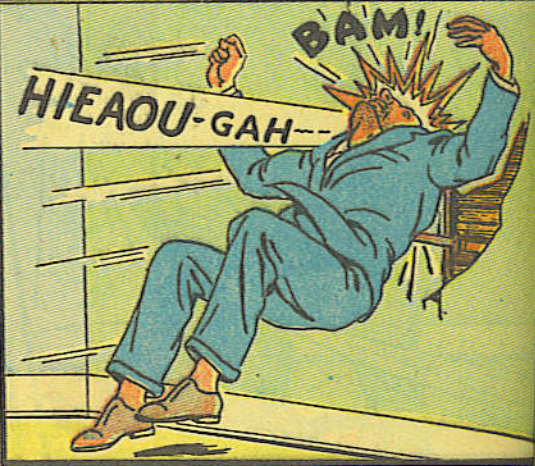
WELL, SANTA, HERE'S
THE NICE GAG I PROMISED— HEY!
WHA—WHERE ARE
YOU?



STILL CRAMPED FROM HIS BONDS, DICK
HURLS HIMSELF AT HIS CAPTOR.



MIKE IS SPUN OFF HIS FEET, TO FALL HEAVILY ON
THE KNIFE PROTRUDING FROM THE WALL.



AS DICK, AGHAST, BENDS OVER THE STRICKEN MAN—

SO!
HERE'S THE END OF
THE LINE FOR YOU,
SNOOPER!

DICK MOVES,
LIGHTNING
FAST—

BANG!
BANG!

STAY PUT, YOU.
OR I'LL SHOOT YOU
WITH YOUR OWN GUN!

OOH, WHAT HAPPENED?
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH MIKE?

HE-HE'S
HURT. I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
THE SCORE IS,
BUT RUN FOR
THE POLICE,
NERKY, QUICK!

OKAY, MISTER.
BE RIGHT BACK.

20 MINUTES LATER—
WHAT'S THIS!
NAPOLEON VINCCI! AND, MIKE
BROD, DEAD! WE'VE BEEN LOOK-
ING FOR YOU, NAP, A LONG TIME!
NOW, WHAT'S THE STORY, SOMEONE.

DICK TELLS HIS STORY, THEN
NERKY SPEAKS UP—

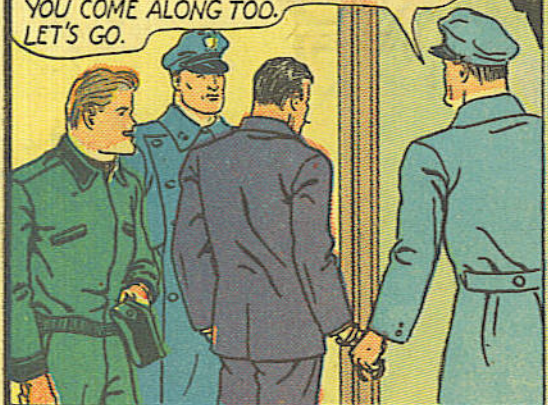
VINCCI N' MIKE WAS
BLACK MARKETIN'-
OIL N' GAS COUPONS.
VINCCI HAD A SWELL
OFFICE UP TOWN
WHERE HE SEEN HIS
CUSTOMERS... THE
COUPONS WAS KEPT HERE N'
WHEN SALES WAS MADE, I WAS
GO-BETWEEN. I WAS SCARED NOT
TO BE, 'CAUSE MIKE WOULD'A.....
HURT MY SIS. HE'S OUR UNCLE. HE
KICKED HER DOWN STAIRS THREE
YEARS AGO N' CRIPPLED HER. HE
BEAT ME— I'M GLAD HE'S DEAD!

UH-HUH.
WHERE
ARE THE
COUPONS,
SON?

THEY'RE HID
ALL OVER
THE PLACE.
C'MON, I'LL
SHOW YOU.

SOME TIME LATER-

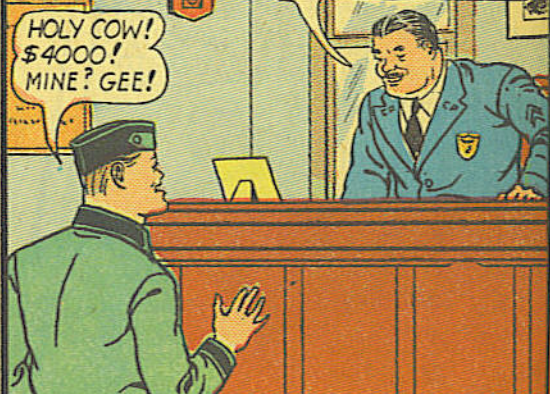
WELL, I GUESS WE'VE GOT ALL THE COUPONS...BILL, STAY HERE. I'M TAKING VINCCI AND THE EVIDENCE TO HEADQUARTERS. COLE, YOU COME ALONG TOO. LET'S GO.



POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

COLE, YOU'RE LUCKY. THERE'S A REWARD OF \$1000 FOR MIKE BROD, DEAD OR ALIVE, AND \$3000 FOR VINCCI. \$4000-ALL YOURS, SON!

HOLY COW! \$4000! MINE? GEE!



DICK IS INSTRUCTED TO REPORT TO THE F.B.I. OFFICES IN BIG CITY ON MONDAY FOR IDENTIFICATION AND TO RECEIVE THE REWARDS.

DICK LEAVES THE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE CENTER-VIEW R.R. DEPOT WHERE HE BUYS A TICKET TO BIG CITY-TO ATTEND TO SOME BUSINESS OF HIS OWN.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER IN AN OFFICE IN BIG CITY.



VERY WELL, MR. COLE, I'LL EXPECT YOU NEXT TUESDAY, AT TEN-THIRTY. GOOD DAY.

MONDAY AT THE OFFICES OF THE F.B.I.

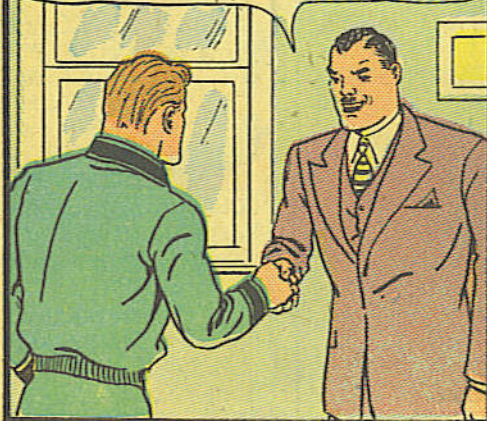
WELL, MR. COLE, CONGRATULATIONS! EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER AND HERE IS THE REWARD. ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'LL DO WITH ALL THAT MONEY?



YES, SIR, I HAVE. MOST OF IT WILL BE PAID TO THE GREAT SURGEON, DR. A.A. ARNDT, FOR AN OPERATION ON NERKY'S SISTER SO SHE WILL WALK AGAIN. AND THE DOCTOR KNOWS OF A GOOD HOME WHERE NERKY CAN STAY WHILE SHE'S IN THE HOSPITAL... THE MONEY THAT IS LEFT IS GOING INTO WAR BONDS.



DICK COLE, I'M PROUD TO SHAKE YOUR HAND! WHAT A CHRISTMAS YOU'VE BROUGHT TO NERKY AND HIS SISTER!



BOYS! GIRLS! DON'T LET UP ON THE PURCHASE OF WAR BONDS AND STAMPS! JUST AS DICK WENT ALL OUT TO HELP NERKY AND HIS SISTER YOU GO ALL OUT TO HELP OUR BOYS FIGHTING AROUND THE WORLD!

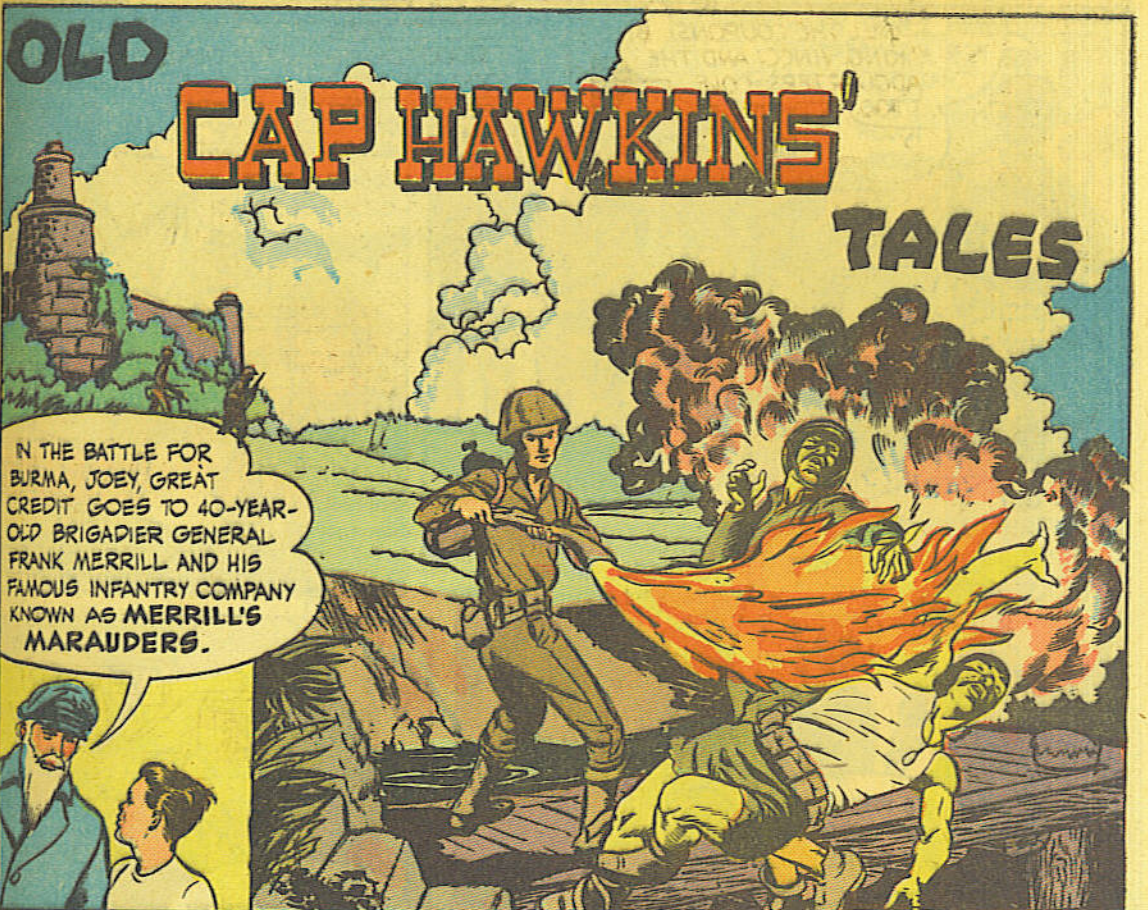
*Yours
Dick Cole*

TO WIN THE WAR JUST DO YOUR BEST
OUR FIGHTING MEN WILL DO THE REST.


OLD

CAP HAWKINS'

TALES




IN THE BATTLE FOR BURMA, JOEY, GREAT CREDIT GOES TO 40-YEAR-OLD BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANK MERRILL AND HIS FAMOUS INFANTRY COMPANY KNOWN AS MERRILL'S MARAUDERS.



AT AN ALLIED BASE IN ASIA-- FEBRUARY, 1944...

THE JAPS ARE FIRMLY ENTRENCHED AT MAINGKWAN IN THE HUKAWNG VALLEY. ENCIRCLEMENT IS OUR BEST BET TO DRIVE THEM OUT. I'LL TAKE MY CHINESE FORCES IN THROUGH NORTH BURMA-- WHILE YOU MERRILL...



... WILL MARCH EAST WITH YOUR MARAUDERS FROM A SPOT IN INDIA, AND SURPRISE THEM. IT WON'T BE EASY. 200 MILES OF ENEMY JUNGLE...



WE'LL MEET YOU IN BURMA, GENERAL STILLWELL.

GOOD LUCK!

STAY RIGHT BEHIND OUR FIGHTING MEN
TIL VICTORY IS THEIRS AGAIN.

MEN, I WANT VOLUNTEERS FOR A DANGEROUS, HAZARDOUS MISSION. IT'S A TOUGH JOB.

WE'RE READY FOR IT!

AND THE MARCH BEGINS--THE FIRST U.S. FOOT SOLDIERS IN ASIA!

I'LL GET THE FIRST JAP.

LISTEN TO WERNER KATZ.

CAUTIOUSLY, BREATHLESSLY, THE PATROL ADVANCES.

HE'S FROM NEW YORK. THEY TALK BIG THERE.

A MINUTE LATER...

THERE ARE DOZENS OF 'EM!

THE MORE THE MERRIER!

THAT TREE... I THOUGHT I SAW A LEAF MOVE... I'M TAKING NO CHANCES.

OUR GREATEST DANGER IS FROM JAP AMBUSH. EVERY TRAIL MUST BE PATROLLED BEFORE OUR COLUMNS ADVANCE. SERGEANT RUSSELL, TAKE THE FIRST SQUAD.

YES, SIR.

I'LL BE A MONKEY'S EYEBROW. YOU DID GET THE FIRST JAP.

WHEN THE PATROL REJOINS THE LINES...

... AND WE CLEANED OUT THE JAP AMBUSH WITH NO CASUALTIES ON OUR SIDE.

GOOD. WE MOVE AHEAD FORM RANKS!

THE MARAUDERS MOVE THROUGH THE DENSE FOLIAGE, WHEN SUDDENLY...

HALT! STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

I THOUGHT THAT GRASS HAD AN UNNATURAL SLOPE. THE NIPS LEFT THIS MACHINE GUN READY TO BLAST AT THE FIRST MAN WHO STEPPED ON IT!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

DAY AND NIGHT THE MEN KEEP ON.

JAP MACHINE GUN NEST AHEAD. CIRCLE AROUND, FIRE TO DISTRACT THEM-- WHILE I...

THAT SHOULD DO IT!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

OUR FOOD SUPPLIES ARE RUNNING LOW, SIR. WHERE ARE THE PLANES?

THEY SHOULD BE FLYING OVER HERE ANY MINUTE NOW.

SOON...

WE EAT! THOSE PARACHUTES ARE TOTING STEAKS AND ICE CREAM!

YOU MEAN K-RATIONS-- BUT THEY'RE GOING TO TASTE LIKE STEAK!

BEFORE THE MARAUDERS HAD STARTED OUT, A WAY TO REPLENISH SUPPLIES HAD BEEN ARRANGED WITH THE 10TH AIR FORCE.

IN TWO WEEKS THE MARAUDERS REACHED THE HUKAWNG VALLEY, READY TO RIP INTO THE REAR OF THE JAP LINE. AT THE SAME TIME GENERAL STILLWELL'S TROOPS WERE PRESSING AT THE JAPS FROM THE NORTH. THEN THE JAPS MOVED...

BREAK-THROUGH
STILLWELL AGAIN
IF WE STAY AT
MAINGKWAN, WE
ARE LOST.

ORDER RETREAT
AT ONCE. ROAD
IS CLEAR SOUTH-
EAST TO SUPPLY
LINE. WE GO!

A MILE AWAY FROM
MAINGKWAN...

SCOUT PATROL
REPORTING, SIR.
THE JAPS HAVE
ABANDONED
MAINGKWAN.

WE'LL GIVE
THEM A ROAD-
BLOCK THEY
WILL NEVER
FORGET!

LOOK,
WHAT IS
THAT?

AMERICANS!
HOW DID THEY
GET THERE?

THE JAPS ARE TRAPPED!
THEY CAN'T GO BACK
AND WHEN THEY
MOVE FORWARD...

THE MARAUDERS!
WITHERING FIRE
OUTCLASSES THE ENEMY!

WHAT A
ROUNDUP BUT
SOME OF THEM
RAN BACK

GENERAL STILLWELL
AND HIS MEN WILL
TAKE CARE OF
THEM.

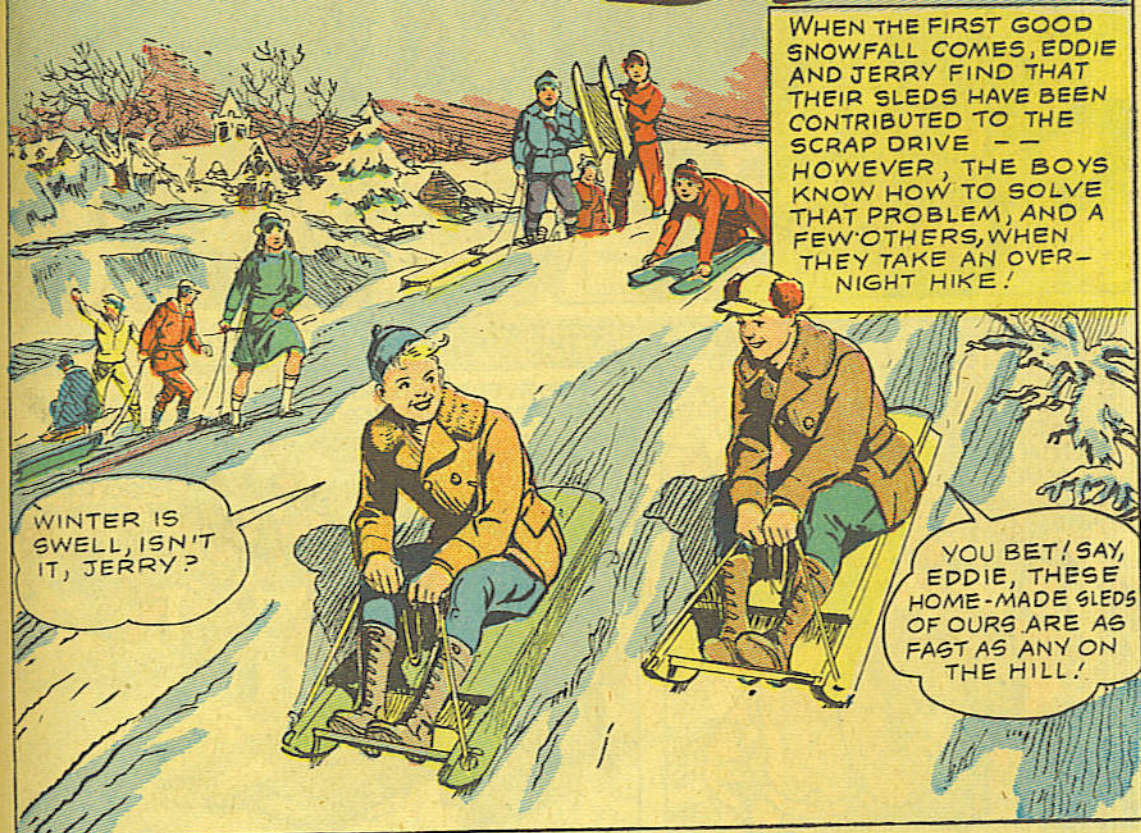
LATER...

WE KEPT OUR
DATE IN BURMA
SPLENDID WORK
MERRILL

MY BOYS HAVE DONE
THE WONDERFUL JOB.
EVERY BULLET THEY
FIRED MEANT ONE LESS
JAP AND MY MARAUD-
ERS ARE RARING TO
GO AGAIN!

THE FIGHT IS ON. THERE'S MUCH TO DO
WE AT HOME MUST PITCH IN, TOO.

Edison BELL



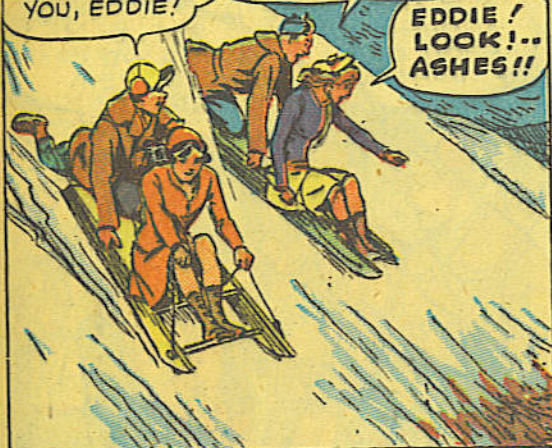
DON'T PLAY HOOKEY. IT ISN'T FAIR.
OUR BOYS DON'T DO IT OVER THERE.



AND, RACING DOWN THE SLOPE --

WE'RE BEATING YOU, EDDIE!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT...

EDDIE!
LOOK!..
ASHES!!



UGH!

OUGH!



HA! HA!
WHAT A
HEADER
YOU
TOOK!

LOOK --
BUTCH AND
WINKIE DID
THAT!

WE'RE
OKAY--
GO FIX
THOSE
TWO!



THAT WAS A
DIRTY TRICK!

LEGGO!

RUN,
WINKIE!



THIS'LL
TEACH
YOU!

OH, GOSH,
PAT! THEY
HAD IT
COMING!

YEOW!



NOW GET OUT
OF HERE --
AND DON'T
COME BACK!

SCRAM,
BUTCH!

YEOW--
FOUR AGAINST
TWO AIN'T
FAIR!



WE'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU
TOMORROW! WAIT AND SEE!

HA! HA! WE
WON'T BE--

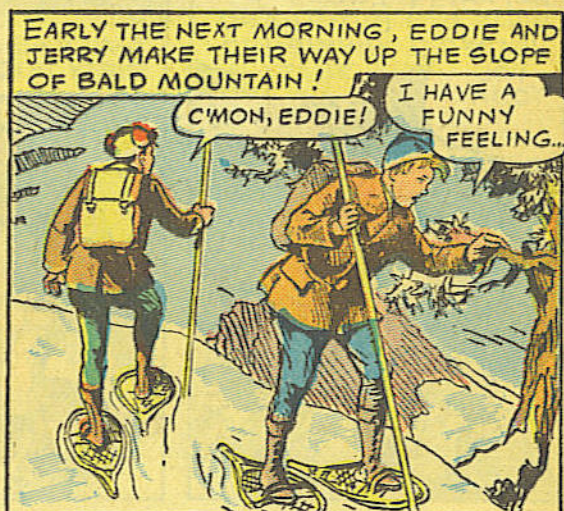
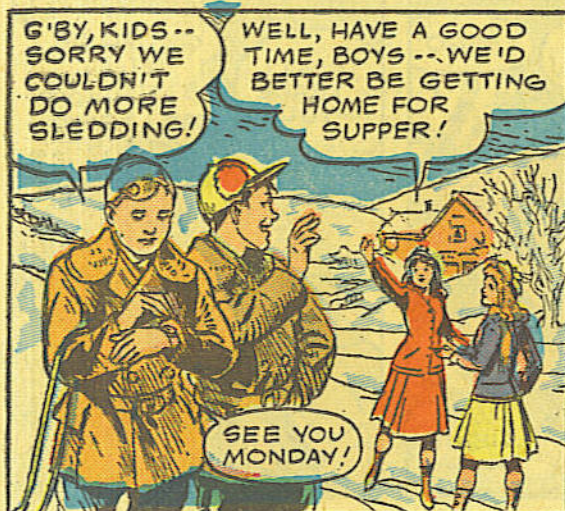
SSH, JERRY,
DON'T TELL
'EM ANYTHING!

AW,
SHUT
UP!
C'MON!



Yes, it is water vapor frozen into crystals.

ANSWER
No. 6.



A SHORT TIME LATER!

WHEW! AM I
GLAD TO
BE HERE!

WE'D BETTER HURRY
--THERE'S A LOT
TO BE DONE BEFORE
BUTCH'S GANG GETS
HERE!

AND, SOON AFTER ...

THAT'S THE
CABIN,
BUTCH!

IT'S A GOOD
THING YOU
HEARD JERRY
TELLIN' THE
GROCERY MAN
ABOUT COMING
HERE!

BUTCH ORGANIZES HIS GANG!

OKAY-- YOU ALL KNOW
WHAT TO DO WHEN
THEY GET
HERE!

YEAH--
YEAH! YOU
TOLD US A
DOZEN
TIMES!

FOIST WE MESS 'EM
UP, DEN WE WRECK
DE JERNT!

BUT MAKE SURE
YOU KNOCK THEM
OUT FIRST-- THEN
THEY WON'T KNOW
WHO DONE IT!

BUTCH!!
LOOK!

WHAT'S
EATIN'
YOU,
WINKIE?

THESE SNOW-
SHOE PRINTS
LEAD AWAY
FROM THE
CABIN!

SO
WHAT?

SO WHAT? SO THEY GOT
WIND THAT I'D BE
LAYIN' FOR 'EM
AND DECIDED
TO BEAT
IT OUT!

HUH?
YA MEAN
WE DID ALL
DIS WALKIN'
FOR
NUTTIN'?

YEAH, I GUESS... SAAY!
THIS IS EVEN BETTER!
WE CAN WRECK THE
CABIN AND IT'LL BE
BLAMED ON THEM!
GET TO WORK, GANG!

BUTCH'S FIENDISH YOUNG
MIND GETS ANOTHER IDEA!



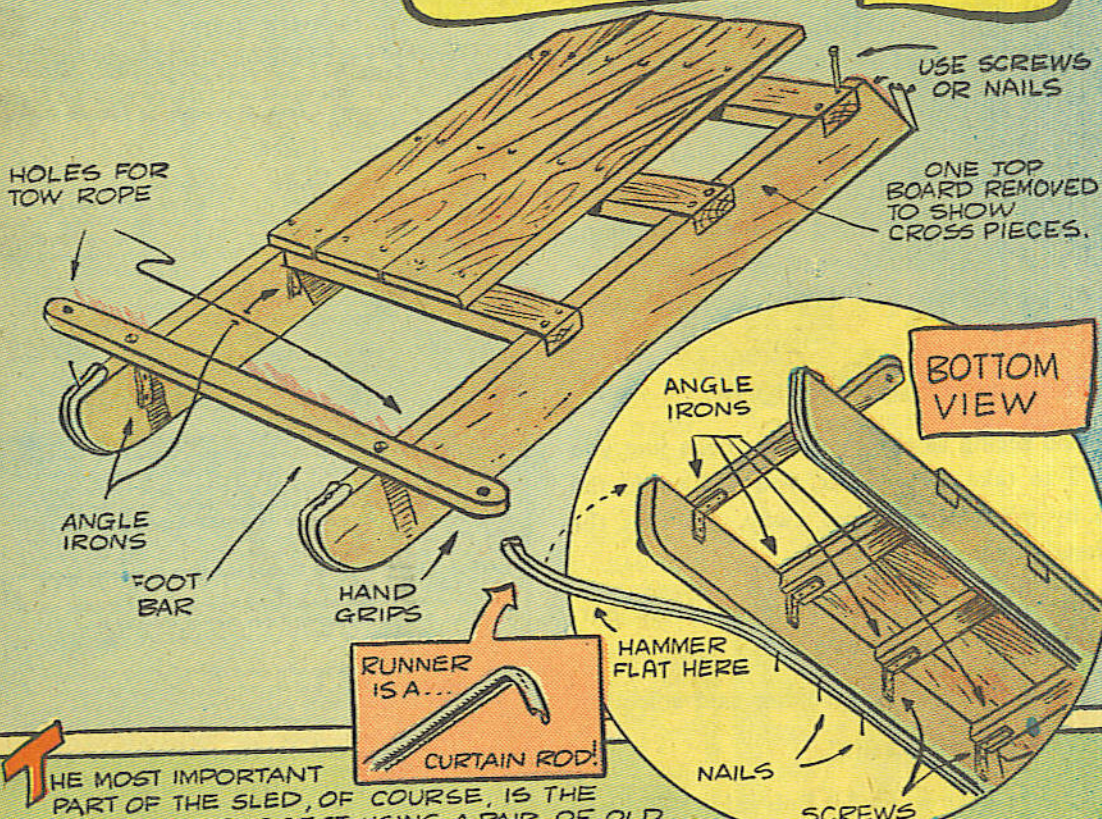


EASY TO MAKE VICTORY SLED

By *Ray Hill*

MAKE THE SLED.
AS LARGE OR AS
SMALL AS YOU
PLEASE A GOOD
SIZE IS ABOUT
4' LONG, 18" WIDE.

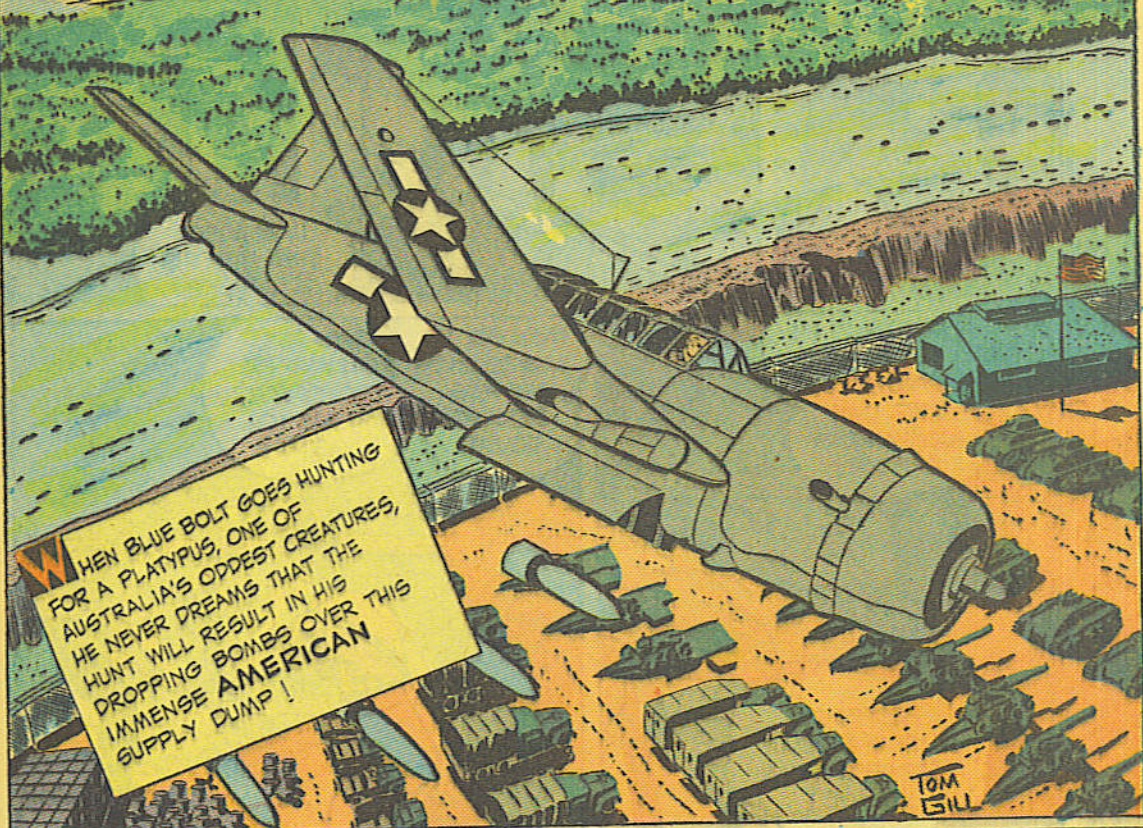
THIS SLED CAN BE QUICKLY MADE USING
SCRAP WOOD (ORDINARY, ONE
INCH THICK STOCK), ABOUT EIGHT
SMALL ANGLE IRONS, AND A
COUPLE OF OLD CURTAIN RODS!



THE MOST IMPORTANT
PART OF THE SLED, OF COURSE, IS THE
RUNNERS. WE SUGGEST USING A PAIR OF OLD
CURTAIN RODS (HOWEVER, USE REGULAR METAL
STRIPS IF YOU CAN GET THEM). NAIL CURTAIN RODS ON (THE OPEN SLIT OUT)
... MAKING SURE ALL NAIL HEADS ARE HIDDEN BY SIDES OF ROD HAMMER
ROD FLAT TO GET A SMOOTH BEND AT FRONT CURVE OF RUNNER.

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



BOY! I'D LIKE TO CUT LOOSE ON THE JAPS WITH SOME OF THESE TOYS!

SO WOULD I, CHARLIE, BUT I'M STUCK WITH A BORING JOB-- ESCORTING A PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY THROUGH THIS RESTRICTED AREA!

HEH! HEH! HERE HE COMES, AND WITH MARG HESSLIN IN TOW! HAVE A GOOD TIME, CHUM!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN MARG WOULD FIND OUT ABOUT A FAMOUS MAN LIKE PROFESSOR SMITH!

GLAD TO MEET YOU, PROFESSOR. BUT I'M AFRAID YOU AND MARG MUST LEAVE THIS AREA IMMEDIATELY.

NOT SO FAST, BLUE BOLT! I HAVE SPECIAL PERMISSION TO PHOTOGRAPH PROFESSOR SMITH STUDYING THE PLATYPUS-- RIGHT HERE!



DO YOUR JOB WELL HERE AT HOME
OUR FIGHTING MEN CAN HOLD THEIR OWN.



ONLY ALONG THE RIVER BANKS, MARG. THE C.O. TOLD ME TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOU AND THE PROFESSOR. THESE SUPPLIES ARE AWFULLY IMPORTANT.

HOW ABSURD! YOU KNOW I'M HARMLESS, AND THE PROFESSOR IS FAMOUS!



I DON'T MIND, LIEUTENANT. THE PLATYPUS IS FOUND ONLY ON RIVER BANKS. AND THIS RIVER IS A REASONABLE DISTANCE FROM YOUR MUNITIONS.

GOOD! THE RIVER'S NEAR FLOOD LEVEL, BUT I GUESS THAT WON'T SCARE THE PLATYPUS.



POOR BLUE BOLT-- STUCK WITH A RAW DETAIL LIKE THIS, WHEN ALL HE CRAVES IS ACTION!

HAVE A NICE TIME WITH THE OCTOPUSES!

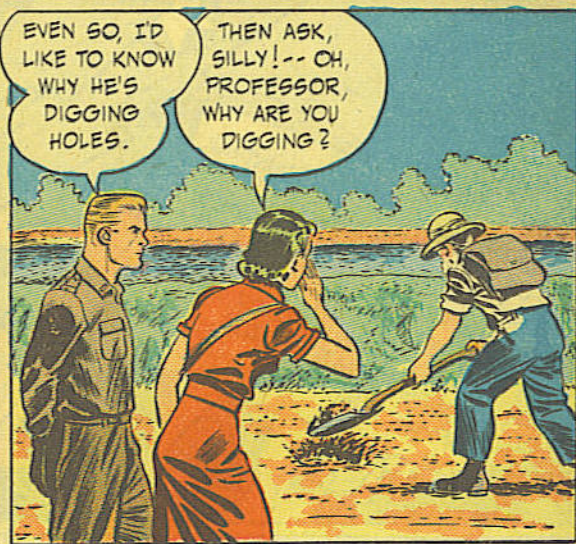


MARG, ARE YOU SURE THE PROFESSOR IS OKAY?

CERTAINLY! HIS PAPERS WERE APPROVED BY YOUR OWN COMMANDING OFFICER!

PROFESSOR SMITH IS AWFULLY SPRY FOR A MAN HIS AGE!

KEEP OUT

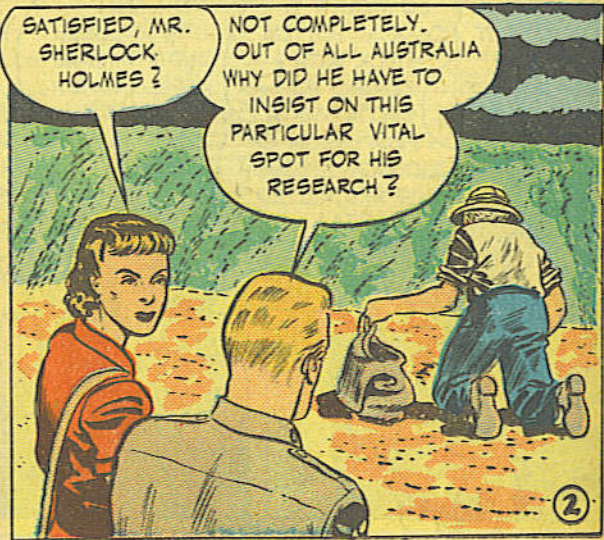


EVEN SO, I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY HE'S DIGGING HOLES.

THEN ASK, SILLY!-- OH, PROFESSOR, WHY ARE YOU DIGGING?



SEE? THIS BAIT IN THE HOLE ATTRACTS THE PLATYPUS. A DOZEN HOLES IN THIS BANK CAN'T FAIL TO ACCOMPLISH MY MISSION!



SATISFIED, MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES?

NOT COMPLETELY. OUT OF ALL AUSTRALIA WHY DID HE HAVE TO INSIST ON THIS PARTICULAR VITAL SPOT FOR HIS RESEARCH?

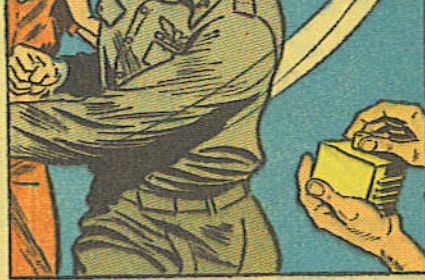
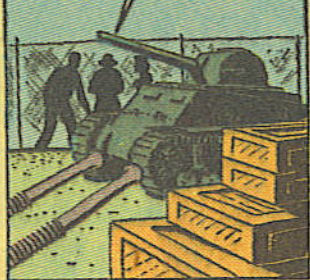


BECAUSE WHEN THE CHARGES BLOW UP THE RIVER BANK THE RIVER WILL FLOOD ACROSS THE MEADOWS INTO THE SUPPLY DUMP!

CORRECT! YOU ARE NOT SO STUPID AS MOST OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN.

YOUR SUPPLIES WILL BE RUINED! AND BY THE TIME THE REAL PROFESSOR SMITH IS FOUND, I SHALL HAVE ESCAPED!

STEADY, THERE! IF YOU HAD HIT ME I'D HAVE TWISTED THE DIAL!



GET TO WORK, BOTH OF YOU! I WANT TO PLANT A FEW MORE CHARGES.

WE BETTER DO IT, BLUE BOLT.



I'VE GOT TO PREVENT THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR SUPPLY DUMP-- BUT IF I MAKE ONE SLIP, WE ALL MAY BE BLOWN UP!

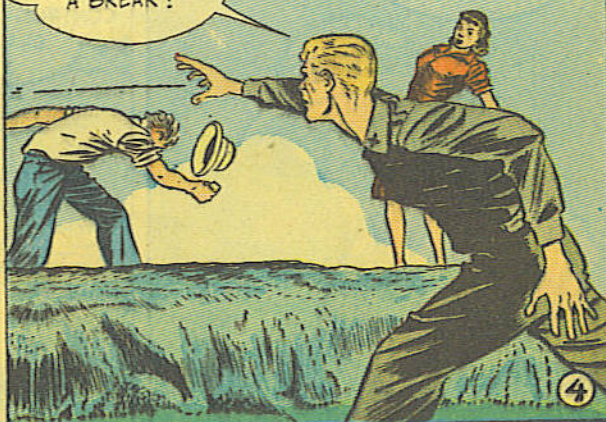


IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO WATCH THIS FLOOD DESTROY YOUR SUPERB EQUIPMENT!

A ROCK! MAYBE I CAN KONK HIM!



DOGGONE! THAT GUY IS TOO ALERT! I BETTER MAKE A BREAK!





RUN AWAY, YOU
COWARD! IT'S TOO
LATE TO STOP
ME NOW!



GOSH! I NEVER
DREAMED HE HAD
A YELLOW
STREAK!

YOU AMERICANS
ARE ALL THE
SAME. COME ALONG
AND WATCH HOW
THE AXIS WORKS!
I'M READY TO FLOOD
YOUR SUPPLIES!



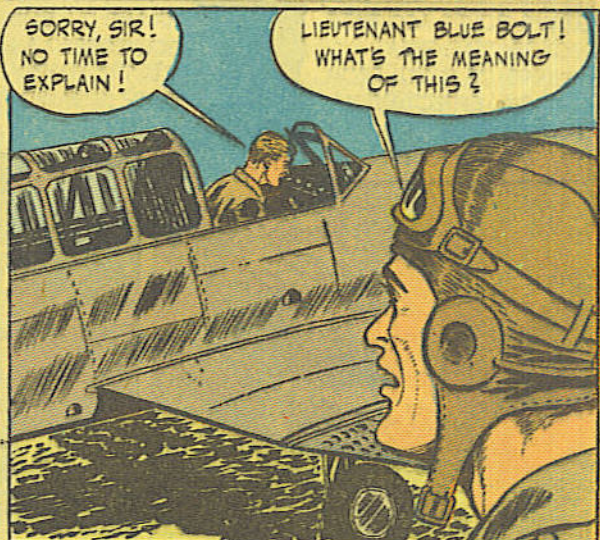
IF I CAN REACH
THE AIRFIELD IN TIME,
MAYBE I CAN SAVE
THIS STUFF!



SHE'S ALL READY
FOR THE MISSION,
SIR!

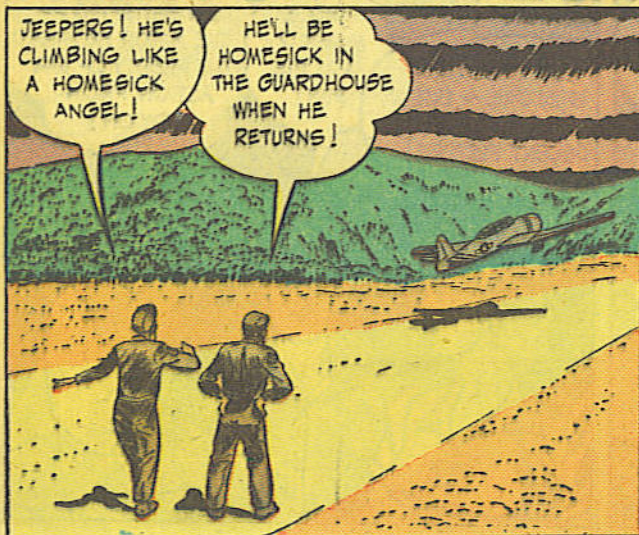
LOOK OUT, MAJOR,
I HAVE TO BORROW
YOUR SHIP!

HEY!



SORRY, SIR!
NO TIME TO
EXPLAIN!

LIEUTENANT BLUE BOLT!
WHAT'S THE MEANING
OF THIS?



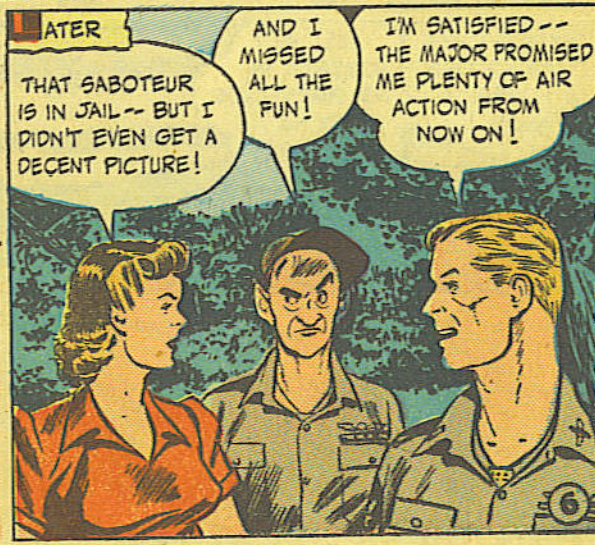
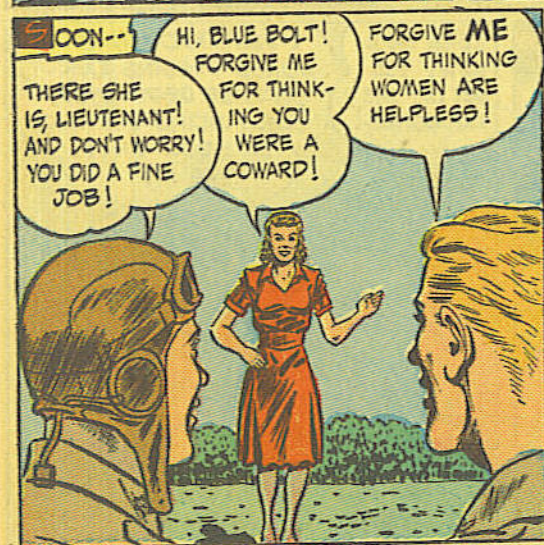
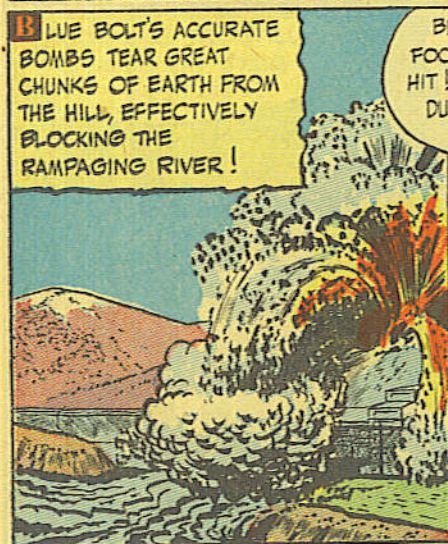
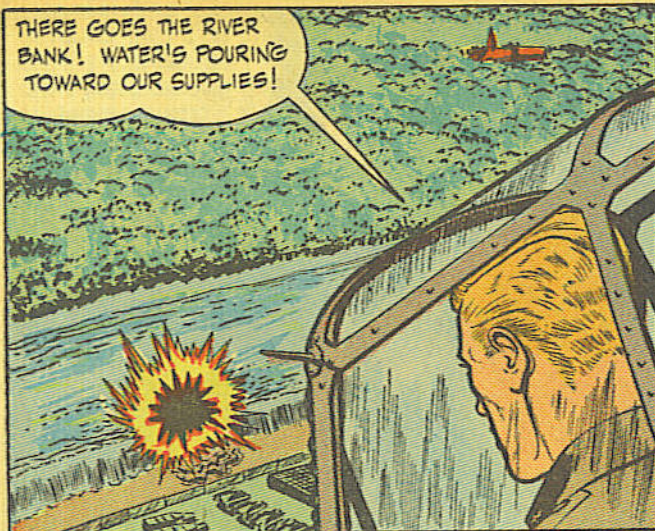
JEEPERS! HE'S
CLIMBING LIKE
A HOMESICK
ANGEL!

HELL BE
HOMESICK IN
THE GUARDHOUSE
WHEN HE
RETURNS!



WE'RE SAFE
NOW! I'LL
SET OFF THE
EXPLOSIVES!

I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS
WORSE-- SEEING OUR
SUPPLIES DESTROYED,
OR FINDING OUT THAT
BLUE BOLT CAN'T
TAKE IT!

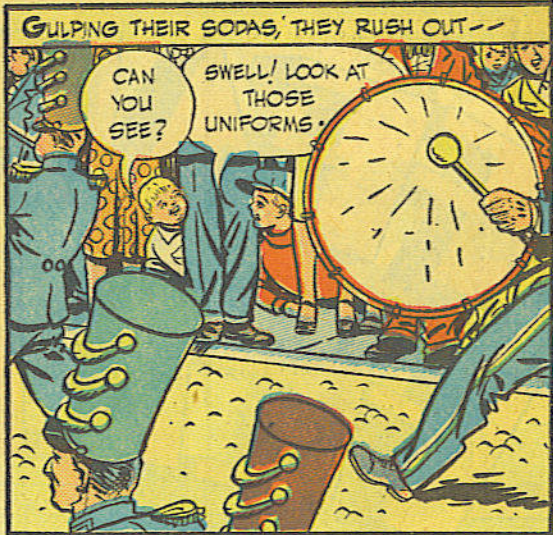
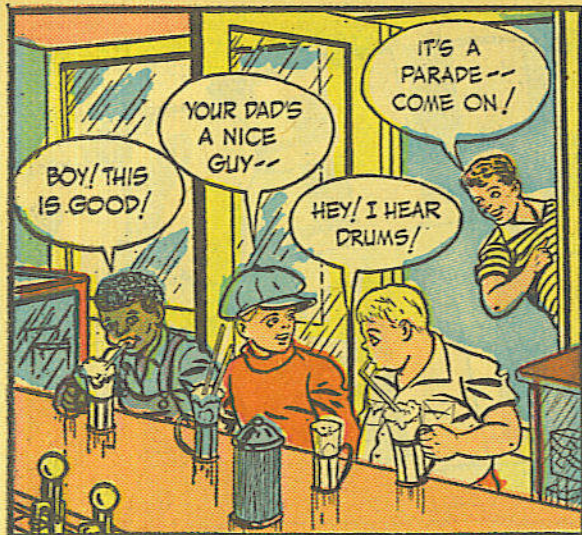


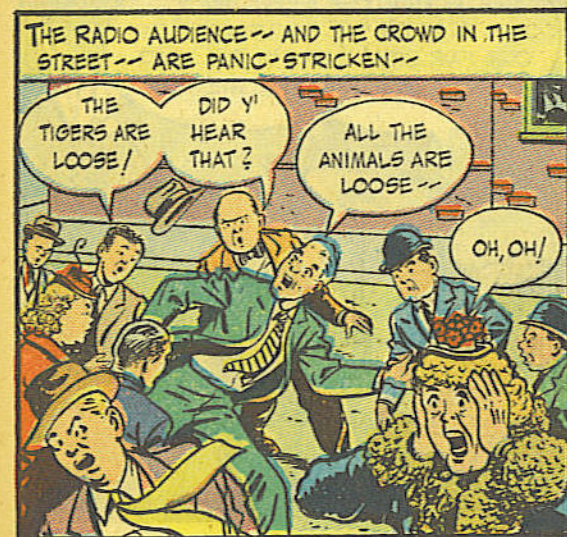
COLLECT YOUR PAPER, FAT AND TIN
AND DO YOUR JOB SO WE WILL WIN.

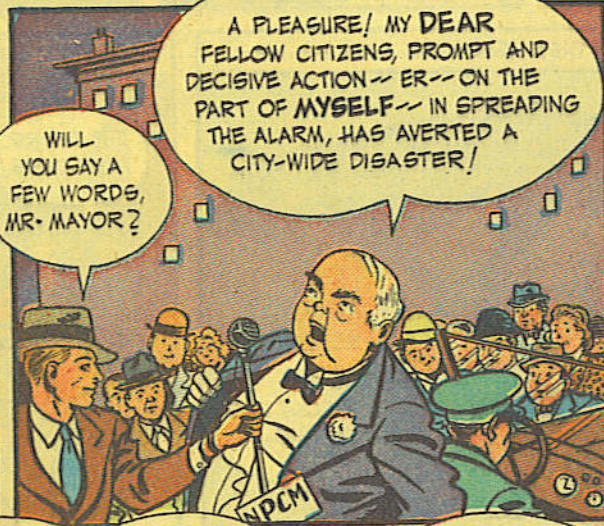
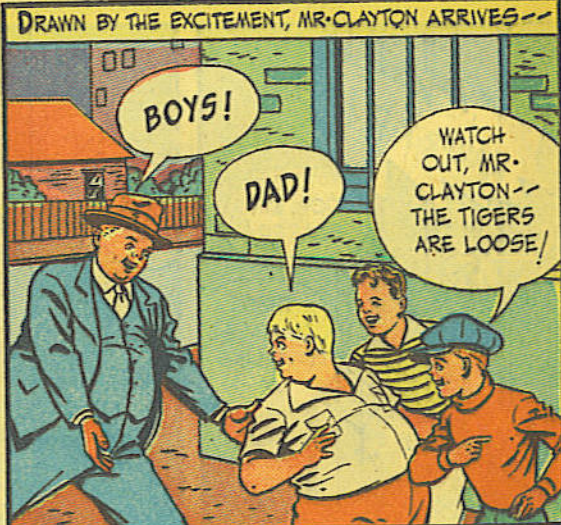
FEARLESS FELLERS

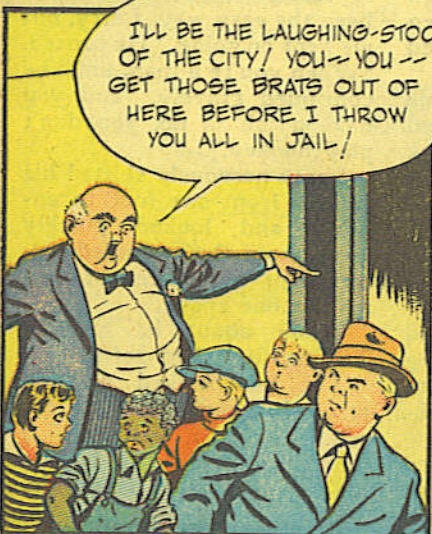
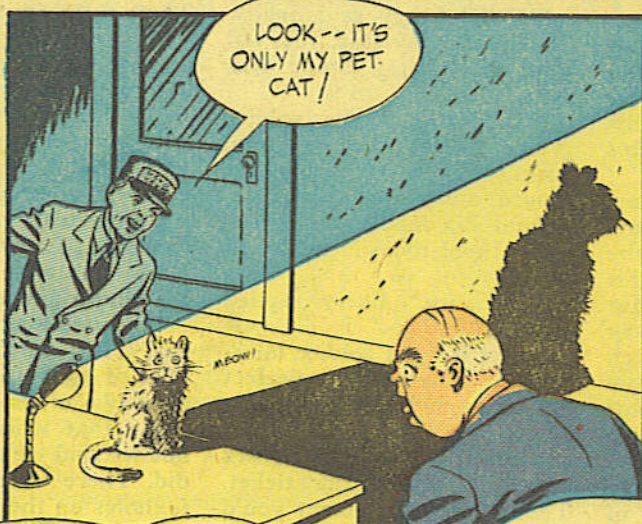


YOUR JOB IS SCHOOL, SO GET RIGHT TO IT
AND DO YOUR BEST. YOU'LL NEVER RUE IT.

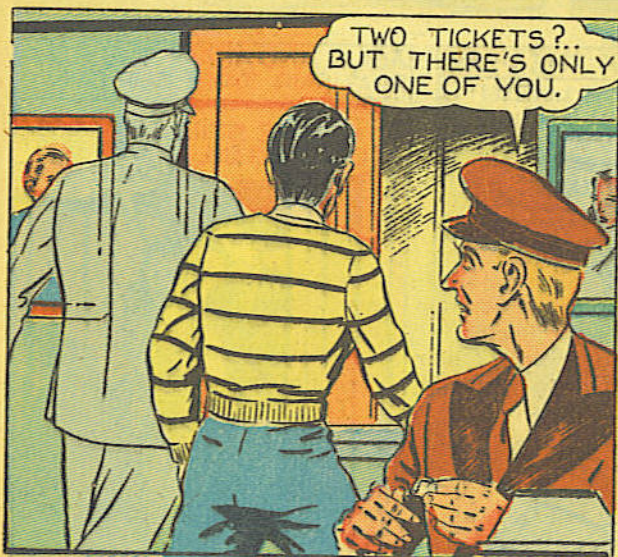
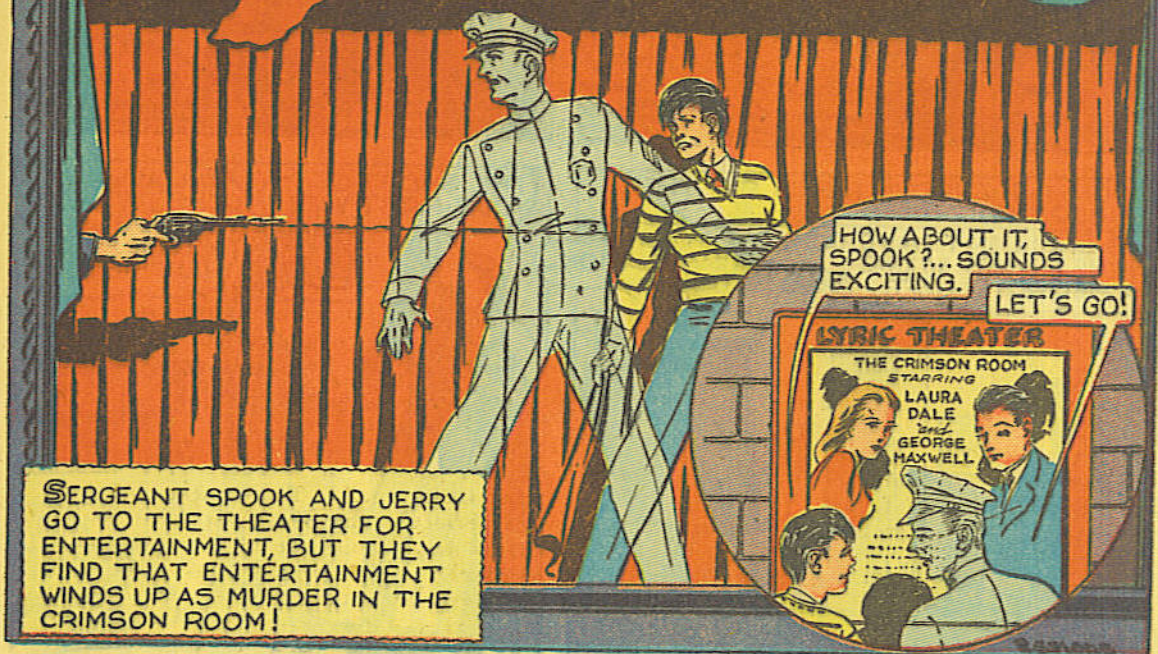








Sergeant Spook



THE BOYS WILL CHEER WHEN THE WAR IS WON
IF YOU CAN SAY, "MY JOB'S WELL DONE!"

HORACE, PUT MY COAT ON THE EMPTY SEAT NEXT TO YOU.

SOMEONE'S SITTING THERE MISTER.

YOU KIDDING?

MY COAT - IT'S SUSPENDED IN THIN AIR!

ALICE, WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

SOON THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE CRIMSON ROOM!

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME... SOMETHING'S WRONG SOMEONE'S IN HERE.

YOUR IMAGINATION...

THE GHOST OF YOUR FIRST WIFE!

I'LL ALWAYS COME BETWEEN YOU, YOU'LL NEVER FIND HAPPINESS.

SHE LOOKS AS IF SHE MIGHT BE A FRIEND OF YOURS, SPOOK.

THAT GHOST WAS NEVER IN GHOST-TOWN!

AT THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE AUDIENCE LIKED IT. THEY'RE CALLING FOR THE STARS.

DALE!
MAXWELL!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE STAR-RING PAIR TAKE CURTAIN BOWS.

THEY'RE STILL CALLING US.

WE'LL GO OUT JUST ONCE MORE

BUT BEFORE THEY CAN TAKE THEIR
BOW A SHOT RINGS OUT AND...

LAURA!

SHE'S BEEN SHOT!
SHE'S DEAD!

CALL THE
POLICE!

OH!...HOW
TERRIBLE!

COME ON, JERRY!...
LET'S GET INTO THIS!

AS THEY DASH BACKSTAGE...

LAURA! IT
CAN'T BE!

THAT
KNIFE!

THE GHOST SERGEANT ACTS
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!

THAT KNIFE
NEARLY GOT YOU.

THANKS, KID, FOR
SAVING MY LIFE.
YOU ARE STRONGER
THAN YOU LOOK.

I'M LAURA DALE'S STEP-BROTHER,
DICK, AND STAGEMANAGER HERE.
I WAS IN MY OFFICE WHEN
HELEN JORDAN TOLD ME
LAURA HAD BEEN SHOT.





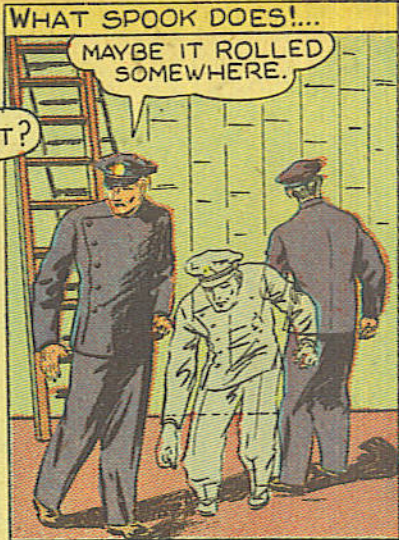
D.D...THAT'S
DICK DALE.

THEN
HE WAS
THERE....



NO... THE ATTEMPT ON
HIS LIFE FAILED... THIS
LOOKS LIKE A FRAMEUP...

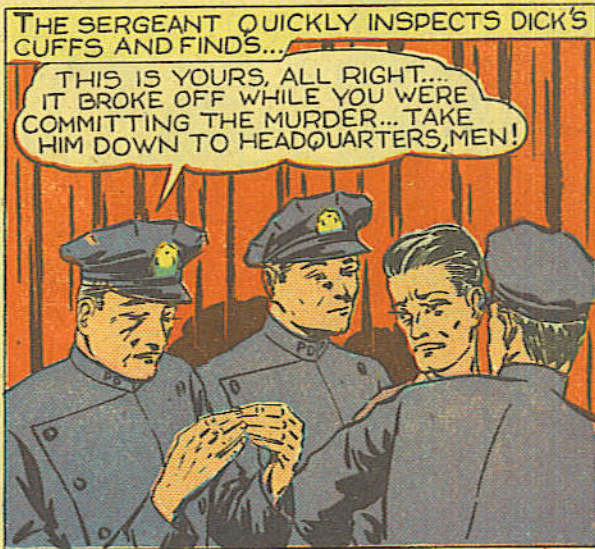
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO WITH IT?



WHAT SPOOK DOES!...
MAYBE IT ROLLED
SOMEWHERE.



THERE IT IS!... I'M GOING
TO SHOW IT RIGHT TO
THE SERGEANT!



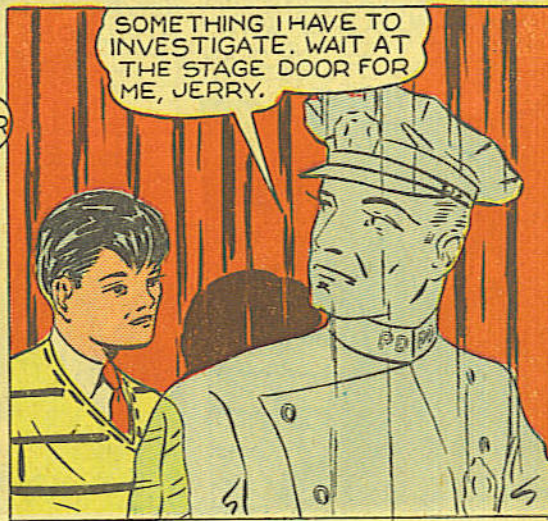
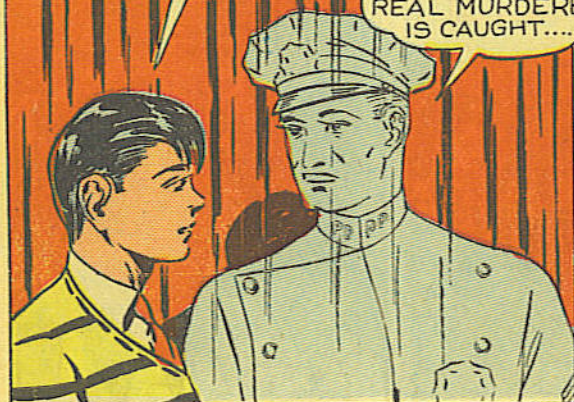
THE SERGEANT QUICKLY INSPECTS DICK'S
CUFFS AND FINDS...

THIS IS YOURS, ALL RIGHT...
IT BROKE OFF WHILE YOU WERE
COMMITTING THE MURDER... TAKE
HIM DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS, MEN!

THE SERGEANT DISMISSES THE OTHERS.

WHY DID YOU PUT BACK
THE CUFF-LINK, SPOOK?

DICK IS SAFER
LOCKED UP -
UNTIL THE
REAL MURDERER
IS CAUGHT....



SOMETHING I HAVE TO
INVESTIGATE. WAIT AT
THE STAGE DOOR FOR
ME, JERRY.

AS JERRY WAITS, A SHADOWY, SINISTER TRIO EYES HIM.

THAT'S THE KID WHO SAVED DICK'S LIFE... WHY IS HE HANGING AROUND?



LET ME GO!

WE'LL GET HIM INTO THE CAR.



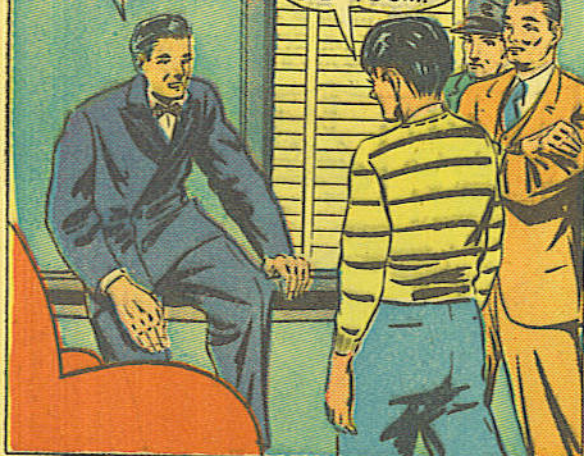
JERRY IS WHISKED TO A LUXURIOUS APARTMENT. SO YOU'RE THE ONES WHO KILLED LAURA DALE!... YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

NOT MUCH!... IT'S A PERFECT MURDER... NO ONE'LL EVER SUSPECT...



THAT I FIRED THE SHOT...

I KNEW IT WASN'T DICK DALE... BUT, HOW DID YOU...?



YOU STUCK YOUR NOSE IN TOO MUCH, KID. LET'S HAVE MY GUN, GRIFFIN.

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA YOUR SLIPPING IT TO ME BEFORE THE COPS SEARCHED ALL OF YOU... I SURE GOT AWAY FAST...

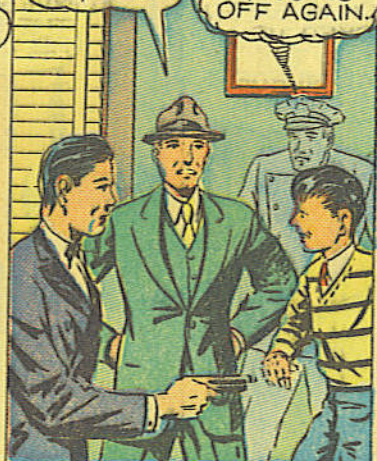


THIS GUN HAS A SILENCER. I KILLED LAURA DALE WITH IT IN THE WINGS AND HELD HER UP AS WE STEPPED OUT FOR THE LAST BOW.



GIVE IT TO HIM, BOSS.

THAT GUN'S NOT GOING OFF AGAIN.



SPOOK!

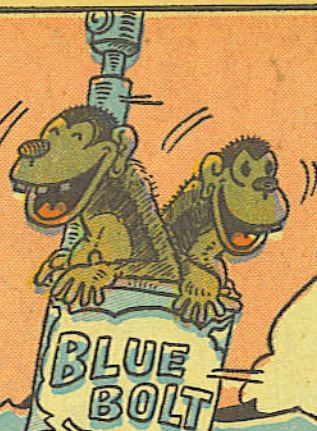
SPOOK? LET...LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!





KRISKO AND JASPER

by-
MILT HAMMER



THOSE BLANKETY-
BLANK MONKEYS-
IT'S ALL
YOUR FAULT !!

I TOLD YUH
WE SHOULDN'T
HAVE KEPT
THOSE TWO
!!

BUT, JASPER-
THEY'RE SO
DARN
CUTE
!!

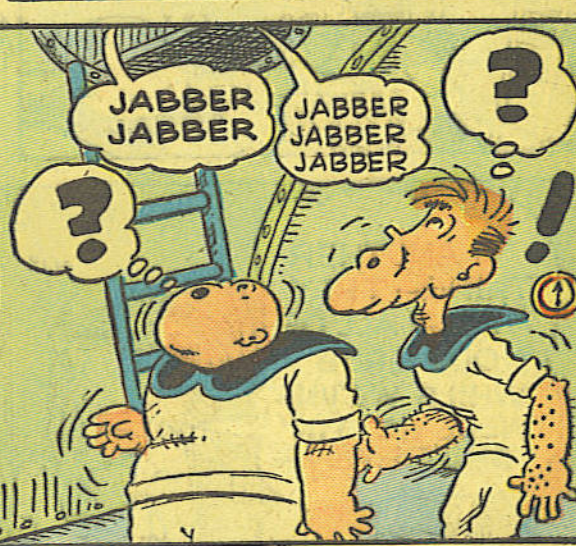
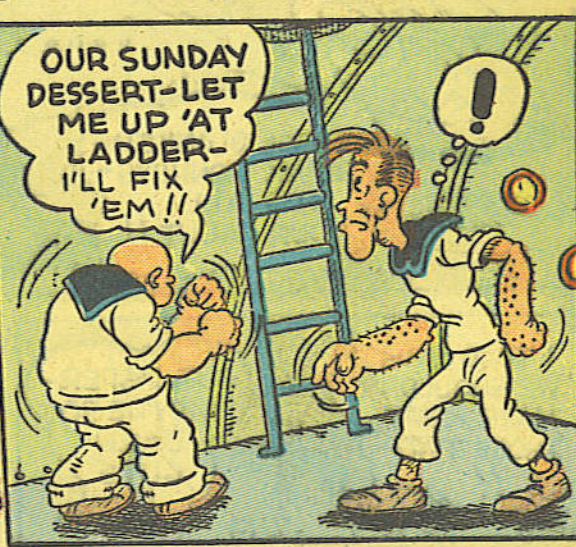
CUTE YUH
CALL 'EM-WHEN
THEY WON'T
EVEN LET WE'UNS
DRIVE OUR OWN
BATTLE-WAGON!

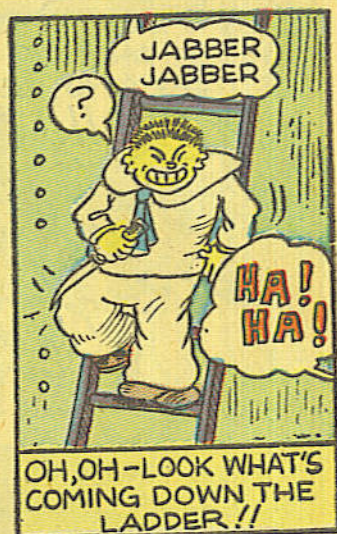
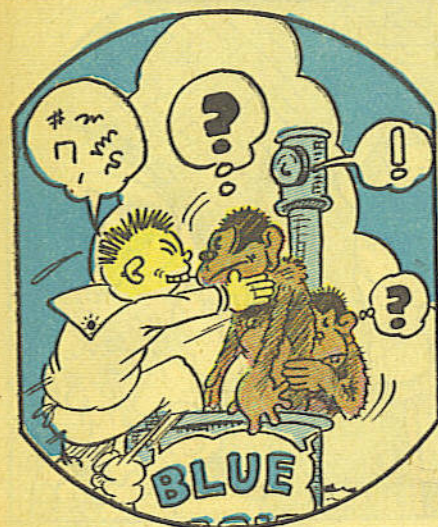
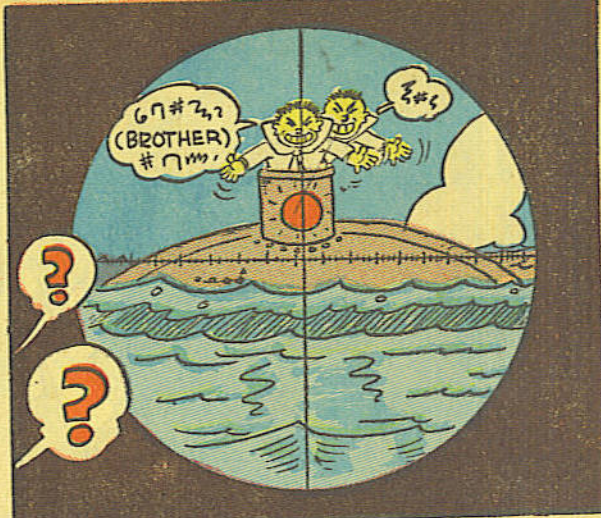
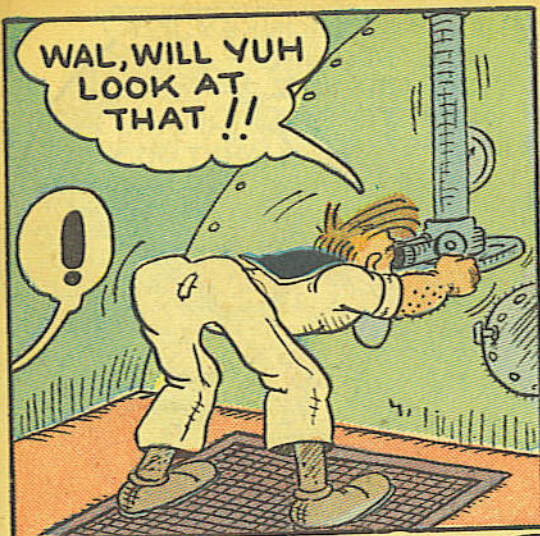
THEY'LL GIT
TIRED SOON-
'N THEN
WE'LL BE
ABLE TO
TAKE OVER!

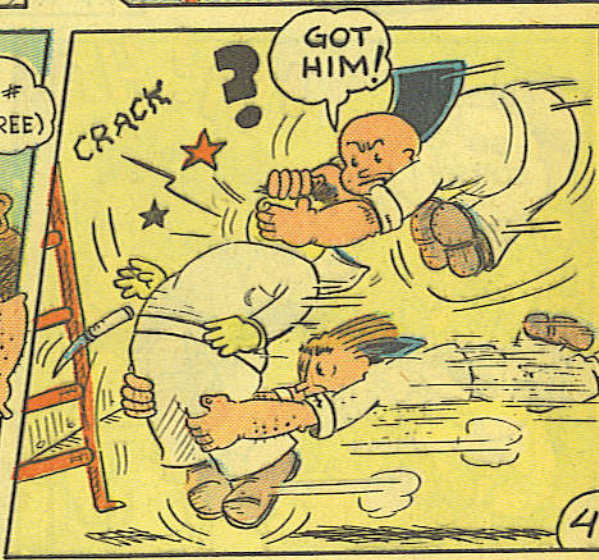
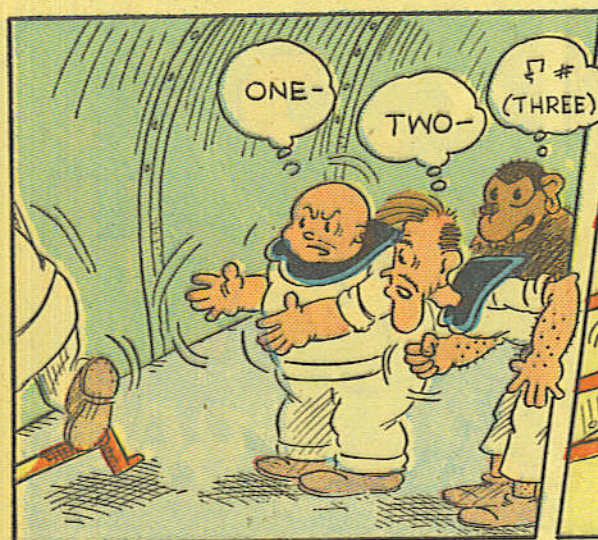
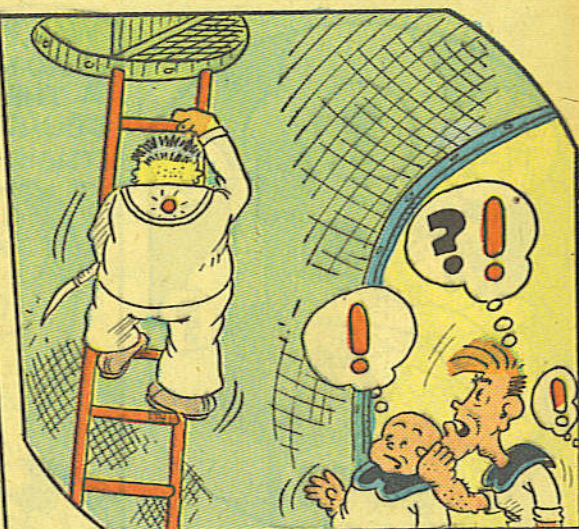
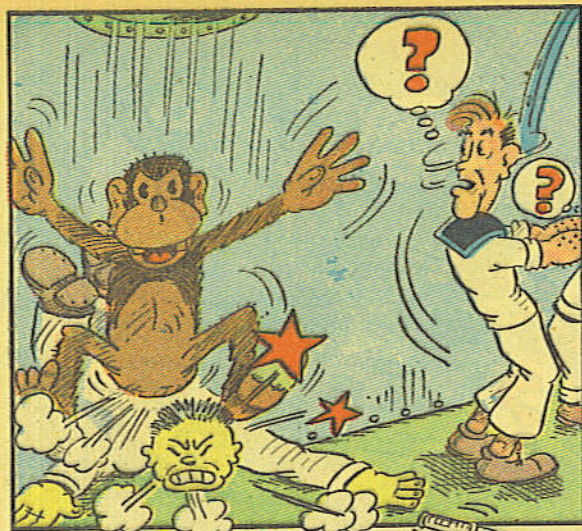
'N ANOTHER
THING- THEY
ATE UP ALL OF
OUR GRUB
WHILE WE'UNS
WERE GETTIN'
SHUT-EYE !!

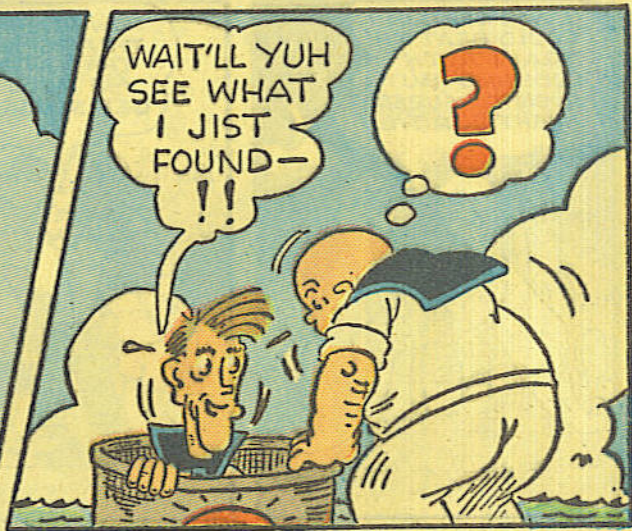
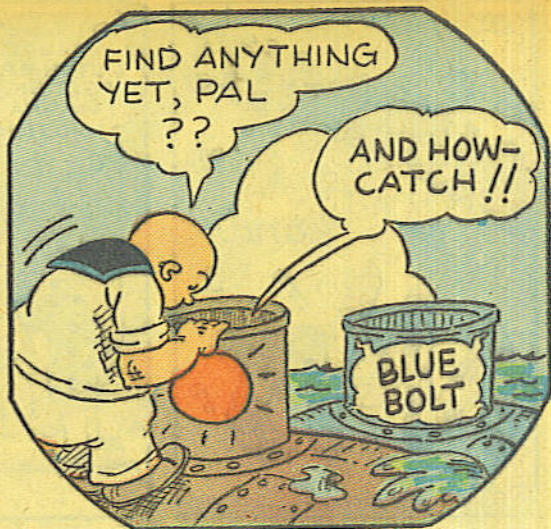
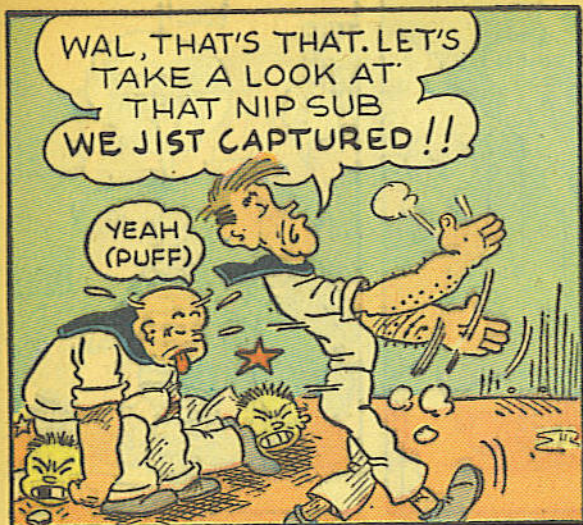
OH, MY GOODNESS- NOT THAT-
TELL ME YOU'RE
TELLIN' ME A
FIB. WE GOTTA
GIT RID OF
'EM PRONTO
!!

IF YOU STUDY HARD, BEFORE YOU KNOW IT
BETTER MARKS ARE BOUND TO SHOW IT.

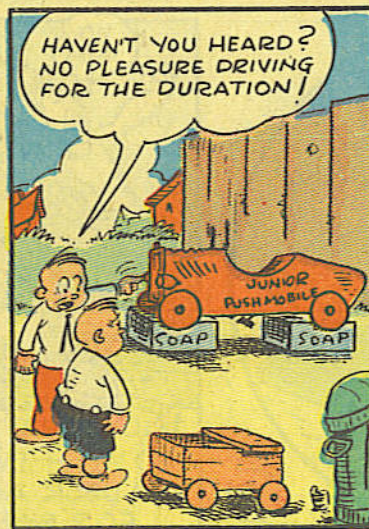
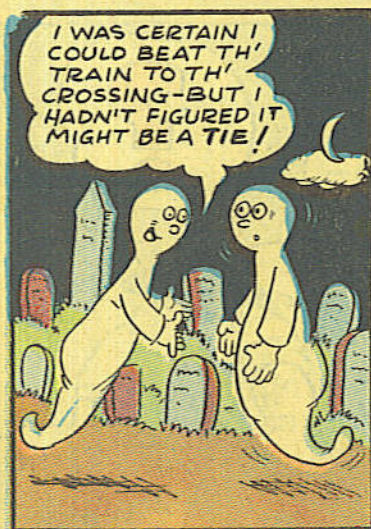








NOW WHAT ARE THE BOYS GOING TO DO WITH TWO SUBS? BETTER BE ON DECK AGAIN NEXT MONTH FOR SOME MORE FUN...



READING & WRITING & 'RITHMETIC
HELP WIN THE WAR EXTRA QUICK.